

MAN-POWER PLAN—KARLSRUHE RAIDED BY DAY

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1918

One Penny.

GALLANTRY



Captain O. C. Bryson, R.F.C., has received the Albert Medal. When flying with 2nd Lt. Hildebrandt as passenger, the machine fell and burst into flames. Captain Bryson went back and dragged Hildebrandt out.

CHAOS REIGNS IN RUSSIA.



General Brusiloff was struck in the leg by a shell. The General and his wife.

HEROIC V.C.



Captain A. M. Lascelles, Durham L.I., awarded the V.C. He refused to have his wounds dressed, jumped on to the parapet, and drove the enemy back. In another attack the enemy captured Captain Lascelles, but he escaped.

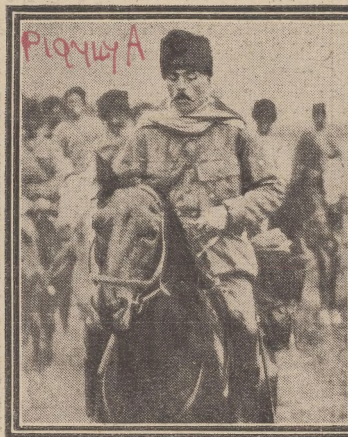
ENGAGEMENT.



Viscount Cross, whose engagement to Maud, youngest daughter of the late Major-General Inigo Jones and Mrs. Inigo Jones, is announced.



M. Toffe, Military Revolutionary Committee.

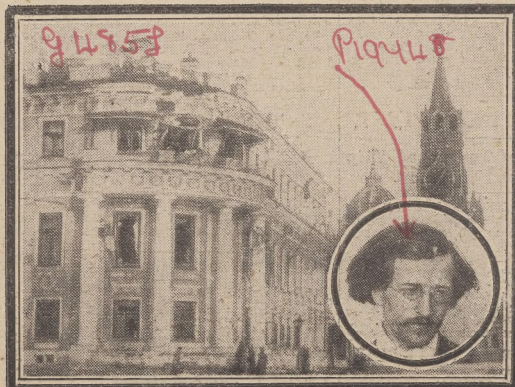


Count Komaroff on horseback.

THE NEW DIRECTOR.



Colonel T. H. J. C. Goodwin, C.M.G., who succeeds Sir Alfred Keogh, G.C.B., as Director-General of Army Medical Services.



Exterior of the Alexander Palace. Inset, M. Mooratov.



General Krylenko.



A damaged room in the Alexander Palace. Inset, M. Antonov.

Civil war appears to be spreading in Russia. Fighting is reported in various centres, and the Bolsheviks are steering a course difficult to follow. The above photographs

of the ruined Alexander Palace in the Kremlin, at Moscow, which has been seriously damaged, are now published for the first time.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

At the National Sporting Club last night Sergeant Harry Ralph (Canadian Forces) beat Sergeant Harry Curzon (A.G.S.) on points in a fifteen-rounds contest.

450,000 MEN AT ONCE—BRITISH RAID KARLSRUHE

Sir A. Geddes' Man-Power Bill—Power to Cancel Any Occupational Exemptions.

COMBING OUT PROTECTED YOUNG MEN.

Empire's Forces Now 7,500,000—No Raising of Age Limit—"Only Catastrophe Can Save Germany."

SCATHING ANSWER TO YOUNG MEN'S THREATS.

Sir Auckland Geddes, the Minister for National Service, introduced the eagerly-awaited Man-Power Bill in the House of Commons yesterday, and it was read a first time.

The Bill seeks to make available for military service a large number of young men in essential industries by—

- (1) Abolishing the automatic addition of two months' exemption in certified occupations and those subject to Section VII. of the Munitions Act.
- (2) Giving power to the Director-General of National Service to withdraw any certificates of exemption granted on occupational grounds.

The number of men who must be raised immediately from civil life is 420,000—450,000—an absolute minimum.

1,000,000 EXEMPTIONS TO BE REVIEWED.

How Men Will Be Freed from Industry.

WOUNDED TO TAKE JOBS.

Sir A. Geddes announced that the Cabinet had come to the following negative decisions:

- Not to call up boys. Legal military age, therefore, will not be lowered.
- Not to raise the military age at present.
- Not to apply compulsion to Ireland.

How the men will be obtained was explained as follows:—

AN ARMY COMB.

Simultaneously with the raising of men from civil life a large number of men will be returned from the forces to civil life, so that the reduction of our industrial strength will be much less than the total number withdrawn.

Power to cancel exemptions will be available either to individual certificates or to certificates granted to any class or body of men.

Object of this provision is to meet the greatest of all the imperfections of the present Military Service Acts.

At the present time there are in civil life a large number of men holding certificates of exemption on occupational grounds who are engaged in work of practically no national importance.

Many certificates have in the past been granted by agents of Government departments without recognition of the needs of the position.

It is current gossip, and I have had evidence that the gossip was not all ill-founded, that many of these certificates were obtained by their holders through influence.

Some of them, indeed, have been proved in the Courts of Law to have been obtained by corrupt means.

AGE AS BASIS.

It is necessary in equity that some such provision should exist, for there are at the present over a million men who hold administrative protection certificates.

There is no intention to ask for powers to cancel certificates of exemption granted on personal grounds or on grounds of conscientious objection.

We require a system of recruitment based on occupation conditioned by age and, if you will, marital state. It is such a system that we now propose to introduce.

We are going to take the young men out of the essential industries, and we are going to substitute them by men of those trades who have fought and been wounded if male substitutes are necessary at all.

We desire immediately to get a great system of substitution under weigh. I appeal to all members of this House to see if they cannot so organise their constituencies that men fit for general service, who would otherwise not be

available for recruitment for the armed forces, come forward to replace in the Army the twice and more than twice wounded men of their own constituencies, so that these may be returned to civil life.

The Man-Power Bill provides for the registration of discharged and demobilised soldiers. This is not designed to make them more available for military service, but to make it easier to provide them with work of national importance.

HUNS' DEFEAT CERTAIN.

Other vital points from Sir A. Geddes' speech are:—

Recruiting has not broken down. Every day the hitting force of Britain becomes more important to the Alliance.

France cannot sustain the full burden indefinitely.

Months must elapse before America can advance with full stride.

It is on the control of the seas by us for our Allies that all depends.

Let us return to the faith of our forefathers and recognise that on the sea and by the sea we live.

At sea we must be supreme, in the air we must win supremacy, and on land we must do the best we can to fill the gap that Russia has made until America can take her place, and all the time we have to keep our vital industries going.

THE WAR OUTLOOK.

The Government have examined in detail the position of the Allies on the Eastern front and the results are not unsatisfactory.

Excluding Russia and Rumania the Allies had a substantial superiority in fighting and ration strength over the Central Powers.

From a statistical standpoint the strength of the enemy gives no cause for anxiety that enemy will overwhelm us by numbers.

War weariness in Austria is certainly very great, and in Germany it is surely greater than in England.

Owing to the withdrawal of Russia, Central Powers will be able to bring some thirty-eight divisions to the western front.

If I were not convinced that less than 950,000 men will be made available, possibly as many as 1,600,000.

Ultimate issue, however, should be in no doubt.

Nothing but a psychological catastrophe in our own or an Allied country such as that which has befallen Russia can save the Central Powers.

CASUALTIES.

Our duty is to see that no casualties which can rightly be avoided are incurred.

Government is determined that carelessness with regard to human life shall be stamped out.

If I were not convinced that the War Cabinet were determined to secure proper consideration for men in the ranks I would have neither part nor lot in raising men.

It is our ambition that no man who has been severely wounded more than once shall be sent back to the fighting line.

Enemy aliens interned are to be undertaken work of national importance or be interned.

Three hundred and twenty thousand men are needed for work under the Ministry of Munitions, the Admiralty and the labour employing departments of the Cabinet.

(Continued on Column 3.)

OUR ARMY OF 7,500,000.

Sir A. Geddes gave the following figures showing the increase in the British Army and Navy:—

	1914.	1917.
Army	680,000	4,000,000
Navy	150,000	400,000
Air Service	2,000	125,000
Total	832,000	4,525,000

Total effort made by the British nation amounts to not less than 7,500,000 men, as follows:—

	Men.	Per Cent.
England	4,530,000	60.4
Scotland	525,000	7.0
Wales	330,000	4.3
Ireland	170,000	2.3
Dominions and Colonies	900,000	12.0

Remaining 1,500,000 men, composed of native fighting troops, labour corps, carriers, etc., represent the contribution made by India and our African and other Dependencies.

HOME SERVICE NEEDS.

(Continued from column 2.)

It is of the utmost importance that all actual vacancies in shipyards should be filled as they arise.

Every ton of shipping built, every ton of shipping saved from submarine attack, every ton of shipping economised by the substitution of home production for imports means a ton of shipping available to bring the forces of America into the field.

This is the vital problem. Upon our failure to solve it our enemies are staking everything. Our success in solving it means certain victory.

THE W.A.A.C.S.

The total prospective demand for women for 1918 amounts to about 120,000 for industry and agriculture alone.

Sir Auckland emphatically contradicted rumours reflecting adversely on the work of the W.A.A.C. Discharges for misconduct had only been two members overseas and four at home.

BUSINESS LICENCES.

In not a few cases an attempt has been made by individuals in different localities to establish retail businesses in close proximity to the premises of men who had gone to serve in the Army.

I have obtained the authority of the War Cabinet to a Defence of the Realm Regulation prohibiting the opening of any retail business without a licence.

There are a large number of men with adequate private means who, with a little inconvenience and a little sacrifice, could easily leave their homes and take up work in a shipyard or munition factory, at timber work or on a farm.

There are many men over military age who are not employed on work of first-rate national importance. To both these classes I would appeal to come forward and undertake work of national importance.

"BLAST OF HATRED."

Dealing with the demand of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers to meet the Government at a conference at the joint offices, Sir A. Geddes said the Government could not give preferential treatment.

Pacifists were endeavouring to stir up strife in munition factories, but he insisted to believe that in the last phase of the struggle men would claim privileges and exemptions opposed to the urgent needs of the nation.

The immunity would only be purchased at the price of making their fathers to the trenches and stopping the leave of soldiers at the front.

These young men were claiming to take drastic action and hold up the output of ships and aeroplanes, so forcing the Government to send out the wounded again and drag out the fathers.

If they did they would meet such a blast of hatred and contempt as would surprise them.

'WE KEEP RIGA, COURLAND AND LITHUANIA.'

Hoffman's Blunt Words and Kuhlmann's Wordy Phrases at Brest.

Further details of the discussion at the Russo-German parley at Brest on the thorny question of the evacuation of occupied territories, are given in a Reuter Amsterdam message.

Kuhlmann argued that evacuation did not apply to those regions which, on the conclusion of peace no longer formed part of the Russian Empire in its former shape, and that the peoples in these regions had already exercised the right of self-determination in the sense of September 1917.

Trotsky rejected Kuhlmann's view. The Russians, says a Central News message, put forward strong conditions regarding the right of self-determination.

General Hoffmann protested against the tone of these conditions, saying the Russians spoke as if they were the conquering party.

The army command refused to evacuate Courland, Lithuania and Riga, and insisted in the Gulf of Riga both for technical and for administrative reasons. Hoffmann then proposed that the meeting be closed. The date of the next sitting has not yet been fixed.—Central News.

BIG DAYLIGHT RAID INTO GERMANY.

14 Tons of British Bombs on Karlsruhe.

"MOST SUCCESSFUL."

BRITISH AIR OFFICIAL.

9.54 P.M.—On the 14th inst., after a long spell of bad weather, our squadrons carried out a most successful raid into Germany, in broad daylight, their objective being the railway stations and munition factories at Karlsruhe, in the Rhine Valley.

One and a quarter tons were dropped with excellent results, bursts being observed on buildings and sidings on the main railway junction in the centre of the town, on the railway workshops and in the smaller junction in the town.

Observers report a very large fire was started in the factories alongside the railway.

This is confirmed by photographs taken after the raid.

Anti-aircraft fire was very heavy and accurate over the objective and several hostile machines attacked the formation without success, as all our aeroplanes reached the objectives and returned safely.

400 BOMBS NEAR ROULERS.

On the 13th inst. there was a great deal of useful work done in the air, much strenuous fighting taking place.

The fine weather enabled photographic and artillery work to be carried out all day.

Bombing and attacks with machine-gun fire from low altitudes were also carried out incessantly, over 400 bombs being dropped on a large ammunition dump near Roulers and on hostile billets, hutments and railway traction.

Among the targets attacked with machine-gun fire was a party of the enemy engaged in extinguishing a large fire.

Casualties were caused; the mail scattered and the fire left to burn at will.

In combats seven hostile machines were brought down and three others were driven down out of control.

Our anti-aircraft fire forced another hostile machine to land intact behind our lines.

Three of our machines are missing.

During the night of the 13th-14th our night flying machines dropped bombs on Roulers and Menin. All machines returned safely.

COUNT HERTLING TO POSTPONE HIS SPEECH.

Kaiser Has a Long Talk with Von Hindenburg—Crown Councils.

Count Hertling's Reichstag speech (in answer to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson) will be postponed for a few days, according to a Berlin report.

Rosen, the Minister at The Hague, and the Copenhagen Minister have arrived in Berlin for "personal reasons."—Reuter.

Berlin telegrams say that both Hertling and Kuehlmann are ill, and that the former may resign shortly.

Bismarck, Buelow, Kuehlmann and Rosen (the Minister at The Hague) are taking part in the negotiations with the Kaiser, Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

In view of impending important Ministerial changes, another Crown Council is announced for Monday evening at Castle Belle Vue, Berlin.

The Lokalanzeiger states that the Kaiser yesterday morning received the Crown Prince and afterwards the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Baron von dem Busche.

Count Hertling and Field-Marshal von Hindenburg were then received together.

At the close of this discussion the Kaiser detained von Hindenburg a considerable time for a separate conversation.—Reuter.

A Zurich message says the terms of Germany's answer have been settled by the Council.

HUNS GET MR. WILSON'S SPEECH FROM THE AIR.

Allied Aeroplanes Drop Copies in Occupied Parts of Belgium.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—Les Nouvelles reports that on Thursday last a number of Allied aeroplanes flew over large areas of occupied Belgium and dropped copies of President Wilson's famous speech. Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Baron von dem Busche.

At Liege thousands of these copies were picked up.—Central News.

M. Hutin says the real German offensive will probably take place from St. Mihiel to the Swiss frontier, and from Armentieres to the sea.



Sir A. Geddes.

'FRIGHTFULNESS' AGAIN



A Red Cross flag which conspicuously protects an advanced Belgian aid post. Naturally it proves an effective target for Hun shells and bullets. A shell, indeed, has struck it.

IN AN IDLE MOMENT.



Belgian soldiers in occupation of a small post near the Yser are here seen fishing tranquilly.

FRITZ ROBBED



Germans in Belgium, being rude.

TWO BRIGHTON NOTABILITIES.



George Badger, a Brighton man, has been awarded the Empire Medal for attempting to rescue a comrade at a factory who was dragged into the machinery.



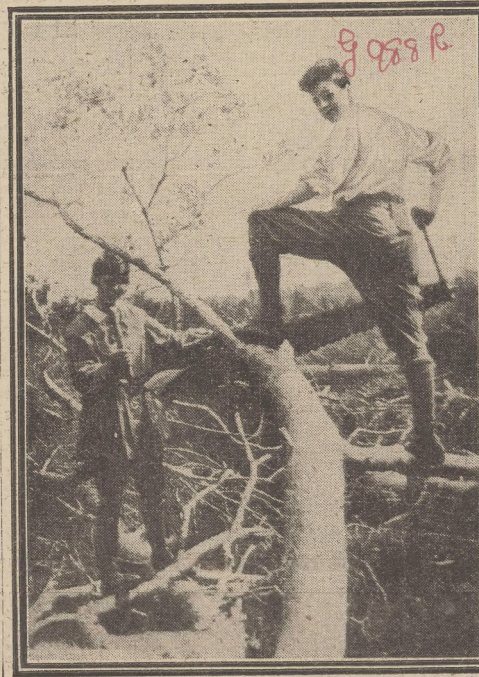
The Mayor of Brighton (Alderman H. Carden) who commandeered the carcasses of ninety sheep which were being sent by train for consumption in London.

A HEARTY WELCOME FOR COVENTRY'S V.C.



Corporal Hutt, V.C., of Coventry, accompanied by the Mayor, is congratulated on behalf of his fellow townsmen on his arrival at Coventry Station. He is enjoying his brief leave in "Blighty."

THE WORK OF THE "WOODWOMEN."

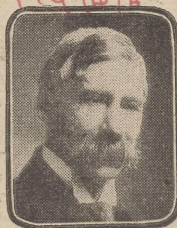


"Women to the rescue!" is the cry of Britain to-day. These girls are doing excellent work while their relatives are fighting for them in France. Clearing a difficult tree.



A pathetic scene in the poor cottage of a family.

FOUR PEOPLE WHOSE N

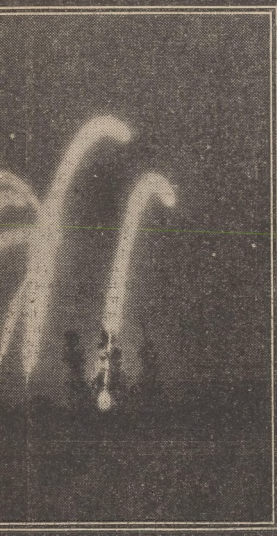


Prof. Herbert Augustus Strong, Emeritus Professor of Latin in Liverpool University since 1909, whose death is announced.

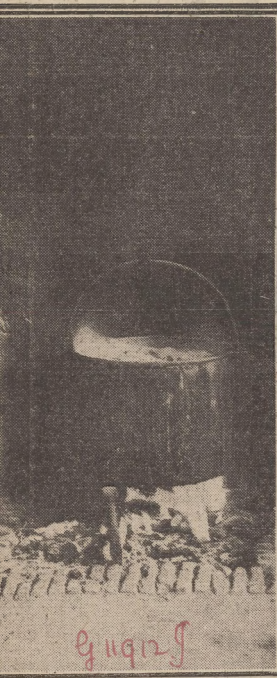


The Viscountess Chapelle, who is working as a postwoman at the Australian Club, Freetown.

NIGHT'S REST.



Attack, sent up luminous rockets.



behind the front. Everybody, women and a mask.

THE NEWS OF TO-DAY.



Smith, a new the B.E.O. His overlooked as he ly known as Smith.



Miss Lucy Blakelock, sister of the Sunnyside, Whalley Range, Auxiliary Hospital, has been awarded the R.R.C. for war services.

HAMPSTEAD IN ITALY—PROPER PLACE FOR NAILS

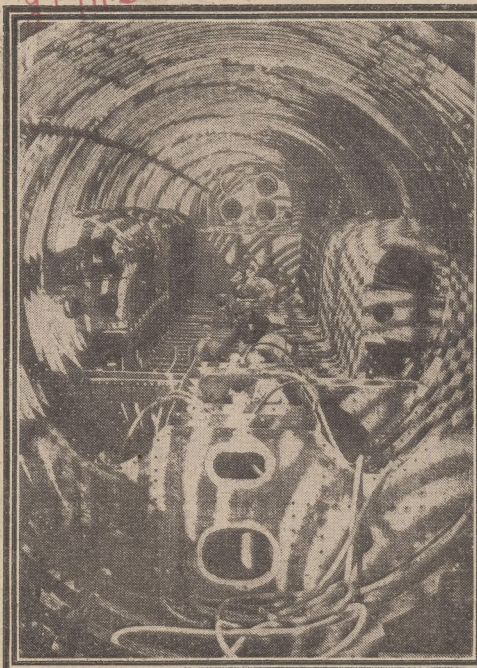


Two "Tommyes" out on a joy ride—somewhere on the Italian plains.—(British official.)



An aeroplane fell in the British lines in Italy on Christmas Eve. It descended in flames from a great height; and the crew of three were burnt to death.—(British official.)

OUR PRESENT TO GERMANY.



Great Britain is making strenuous efforts to cope with the Hun submarine menace. The above photograph is of the interior of a submarine in course of construction.



Nails left on the road cause a lot of trouble to horses and motor transport at the front. How they are dealt with.—(Official.)

TWO NEW AIR PROMOTIONS.



Lieut. (temp. Capt.) A. de B. Brandon, D.S.O., M.C., flight commander, has been appointed squadron commander and to be temporary major while so employed.



Temp. 2nd Lieut. (temp. Capt.) C. W. M. Green, D.S.O., M.C., flight commander, who has been appointed squadron commander with the rank of temporary major whilst so employed.

GENERAL PERSHING IN BELGIUM.



This photograph was taken on the visit of General Pershing to King Albert. The King and the General leave the station for the royal residence.—(Belgian official.)

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

About Men, Women and Affairs

MAN-POWER SPEECH.

Engagement of a Viscount—The Truth About His Majesty's Theatre.

I THOUGHT Sir Auckland Geddes' maiden speech in the House of Commons last night in introducing the new Man-Power Bill, a notable performance. He read off his wad of type-written manuscript in a clear, calm, pleasant manner, regulating his voice so perfectly that every syllable could be heard.

"Blast of Hatred."—Only once did he show any sign of animation. This was when he came to the threat of drastic action on the part of the young men about to be called up. If, he thundered suddenly, that threat was carried out there will be "such a blast of hatred as will surprise them."

The Brothers—Comparison.—Sir Auckland's most sympathetic listener was his brother Eric. How unlike, by the way, the



Mrs. Norman Hodges, whose husband, son of Judge Hodges, of Melbourne, is in the A.S.C.



Mrs. Stanley Smith, daughter-in-law of Sir George Smith, her husband is in Egypt.

A Coincidence.—I notice that the Bishop of London, like his brother of Oxford, has announced that he will take no part in the consecration of the Bishop-Designate of Hereford. It is odd that the Prelates were both formerly closely associated with Dr. Benson.

Bishops and Dean.—Dr. Ingram was his diocesan, and Dr. Gore, a fellow-canon at

Tree's Theatre.—Everything that has been printed up to now about the future of His Majesty's Theatre has been guesswork; but I can now give you the facts. Mr. Benson, the Liverpool nitrate merchant, has acquired it from Sir Herbert Tree's executors.

Ring Fashions.—The heavy gold wedding ring is again in favour with the new bride, who often presents a similar ring to her husband, so a fashionable jeweller tells me. "We sell no 'freak' rings," he said, "except to Americans, who always like something out of the common."

A Minor Operation.—A doctor, who has a practice near a munition factory, tells me that the shell-girls keep him busy piercing their ears for earrings.

Viscount Engaged.—Lord Cross, just engaged to Miss Maud Jones, daughter of the late General Inigo Jones, is the grandson of the Conservative solicitor who was Lord Beaconsfield's Home Secretary and Lord Salisbury's Secretary for India. He is in the Treasury.

Irish History.—Mr. Swift McNeill is a thorn in the side of the Government at question-time. But he has other activities, and has just written a book which will cover the constitutional and parliamentary history of Ireland up to the Act of Union.

An Amalgamation.—Despite published statements to the contrary, I hear there is still every possibility of an amalgamation between the Syndicate and the Gulliver Variety Theatres. But will there be enough "stars" to go round?

When Kitchener Died.—I met a friend yesterday who had been in France for over two years. He tells me that when a corporal in his unit came back to camp with the first news of Lord Kitchener's fate he was promptly put into the guard-room!

Confirmed.—The man was to be court-martialled for spreading reports likely to cause disaffection. With the morning, of course, came confirmation of the sad tidings, and the news-bringer had to be released at once.

The Indoors Muff.—The ninn and swansdown muff which the Hon. Lettice Digby wore as a bridesmaid last week will not be wasted when she goes off to her motor-driving in France. Every French girl now has one to warm her fingers indoors, since coal has been so precious.

Duchess and Antiques.—I saw the Duchess of Albany trying to do a little shopping in the food department of a big store near Kensington Palace the other morning. I fancy, however, that she is even more interested in some of the fascinating antique shops in that neighbourhood.

Future Sister-in-Law.—At the War Exhibition the other day I saw Miss Kinloch, with Lord Grantley's youngest daughter. This was interesting, for she is to marry the Hon. Richard Norton, heir to the barony. The future sisters-in-law are constant companions.

In Glasgow.—Spurred, no doubt, by my yesterday's paragraph, the Glaswegians started well with their investments in the tank bank. Two and a half millions in half a day is not so bad!

A Gaiety Rumour.—Some people aver that Mr. Nelson Keys is to join the Gaiety company, but I think that the truth is the previous contracts are in the way.

Heavy Betting.—A man who visits many Midland and Northern cities frequently told me yesterday that the craze for betting on horse races was intense. The bookmakers who



Mr. Herbert A. L. Fisher, President of the Board of Education, in charge of the Education Bill.



New picture of Miss Julia James, 'Uncle' at the Prince of Wales.

deal in "silver" bets have an immense clientele. "If the tank banks," he said, "could get the money bet on horses Mr. Bonar Law would be pleased."

"EVERYTHING."

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES did well to explain, at the beginning of his statement in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon, that the problem of man-power is not a detached problem, separable from others, and so to be treated, in departmental fashion, as a branch of our war programme.

It is at the back of all problems. It concerns all departments. It means ships, armies, munitions, food, light, heat, coal. It is, in a word, "everything."

To make a speech about "everything"—about the whole organisation of war on our side—was obviously an impossible task: Sir Auckland accomplished a great feat of compression and reduction to elements in merely indicating the chief heads of the problem.

They are conditioned by actual needs, in a matter that "changes from hour to hour." What, then, does *this* hour demand?

It demands that Britain shall make good the deficiency of Russia, till American power is available.

Now Russia's failure may cause the transfer of thirty-eight divisions from East to West; or in all (including the forces set free against Italy) more than a million and a half men. Well may Sir Auckland groan over the "great psychological disaster" that has befallen our Eastern Ally!

Let us only say, in regard to it (what Sir Auckland seems to forget), that the Russia which brought France into the fight in 1914 was *not* the Russia that to-day deserts France; but an older dynastic Russia with totally different interests and aims. Also, it is hardly so much a grave "psychological" disaster that has befallen Russia, as a prolonged military disaster, involving the death in agony of millions of her devoted sons.

Still (when all is said) it is for us to bear the blow; and, though the Armed Forces of the British Empire contain more than seven and a half million men, we must at once have more—at least 450,000 men more.

How to get them?

Wisely Sir Auckland and his advisers have rejected (1) a lower age, (2) a raised age, (3) Ireland; and necessarily they have been led to fall back upon the "very large number of young men now engaged in essential industries": over a million, it seems, hold protection certificates. The extraction, classification and allotment of these, after arrangement with the Trade Unions and Labour Organisations throughout the country, is the task of the next few months.

A very brief review of a very long speech, dealing, as we say, with "everything," ought to note, lastly, that Sir Auckland Geddes, while he recognises the gravity of the hour, believes that, if the problem of transport of the American armies is solved, our victory is "certain."

We beg leave to add: "No: certainly only if those armies are well employed by generals." And Sir Auckland, in a really humane passage, did indeed promise us that "thoughtlessness" in casualties is in future to be better watched at the front, while—better still—men more than once wounded are to be spared from further fighting.

These provisos may serve to encourage the people at a moment when another vast call is to be made on the young manhood amongst them.

W. M.

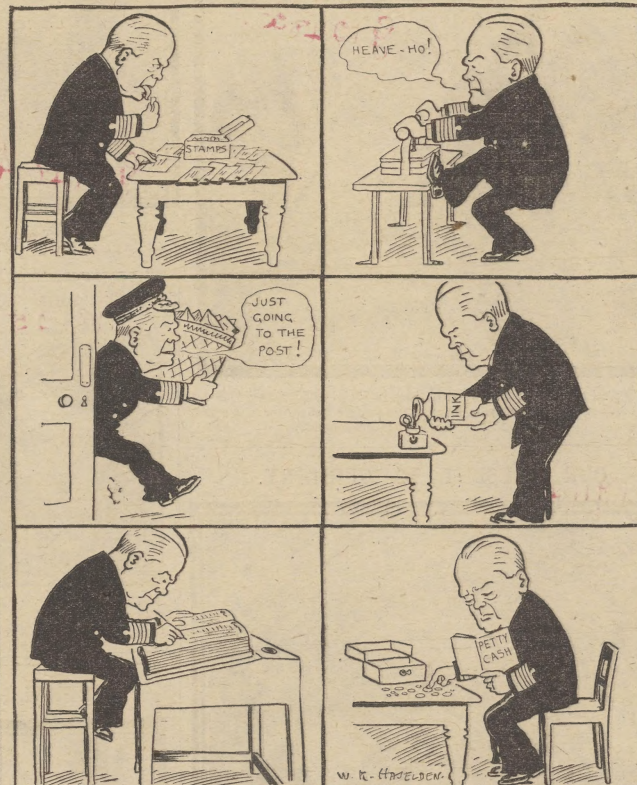
THE CAPTURE.

Like as a huntsman after weary chase,
Seeing the game from him escaped away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their prey:
So after long pursuit and vain assay,
When I all ready had the chase forsook,
The gentle deer returned the self-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook:
Then she beholding me with milder look
Sought not to fly, but fears still did bid;
Till I in hand her yet half-trembling took,
And with her own good-will her firmly took.
Strange things me seemed, to see a beast so wild
So goodly won, with her own will beguiled.
—EDMUND SPENSER (1599).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"An enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men.—Homer."

DUTIES A FIRST SEA LORD NEED NO LONGER DO.



The news of the recent Admiralty reforms has everywhere given great satisfaction—chiefly because they assist in setting the First Sea Lord and other chiefs free from the burden of minor administrative drudgeries.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

brothers are! The First Lord of the Admiralty is short, broad-shouldered and extremely well-groomed, with the style and manner of a prosperous City man. Sir Auckland, tall, with the brow of a professor, has the typical bedside manner of a doctor.

Labour Away.—Sir Auckland had a good House for his speech, but there was a noticeable absence of Labour leaders. Where were they?

The Duke and His Daughter.—The Duke of Connaught is quite himself again. I saw him riding in the neighbourhood of Kensington Palace yesterday. Princess "Pat" was in a trim habit, and looked prettier than ever.

"The Fighting Goughs."—Irish Friends tell me to look out for the early promotion to a high post of the distinguished soldier, General Gough. A son of Sir Stanley Gough, V.C. —"Fighting Gough"—he has won laurels in many campaigns.

Westminster Abbey. It is obvious that we haven't heard the last of this "little war" amongst the ecclesiastics.

Notable Birthdays.—Several of our most distinguished men are this week celebrating their birthdays. Lord Lansdowne was seventy-three yesterday. To-morrow Sir David Beatty will complete his forty-seventh year, and Sir Ian Hamilton his sixty-fifth, while on Thursday the Prime Minister will be fifty-five. I am glad to say each is in the best of health.

The Country Life.—Lord Lonsdale has gone out of town and may be away for some time. When I last saw him at the National Sporting Club he said he wanted some country air.

To Give Away.—At a Bond-street jeweller's I met a well-known woman buying a pendant to give to the Children's Jewel Fund. She could not bear to part with her own jewels, she explained, as they all had "memories."

A MILLION HAIR-GROWING OUTFITS FREE.

POPULAR SUCCESS OF "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

Write for your FREE GIFT TO-Day

ALL sections of the community, our Fighting Men on both Land and Sea, Nurses, Munition Workers, as well as practically all our famous Actresses, Queens of Revue and Cinema Artists, are all full of praise for what has now become the great national toilet practice—"Harlene Hair-Drill."

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to dispatch to any reader a complete 7 days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit entirely free of charge.

COMPLETE 7-DAY HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT.

This Free Offer is one that no one can afford to miss. If you are a man who suffers from ageing baldness, or if your hair is getting thin, weak, or impoverished, this offer is open to YOU. If you

FREE TO YOU.



All classes of Society are now regularly practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." All are able to banish the "sawdust at 30, 40, 50" appearance. Everyone is today invited to accept the Free Gift Offer made in this announcement. Simply send your name and address with the Coupon Form below and by return you will receive without any charge or obligation the complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

are a woman whose youthful looks are gradually disappearing as a consequence of the hair looking dark, dull, lifeless, and thin, or coming out daily when you use the comb, this Free Offer is also open for YOU to accept.

CONTENTS OF FREE HAIR HEALTH PARCELS.

Test "Harlene Hair-Drill" free, without any obligation on your part—merely send 4d. in stamps and defray cost of postage and packing, and as soon as his Majesty's Post Office can deliver it you will receive the following valuable gifts:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair.

2. A Packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Green" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A Bottle of "Uxon" Hair-Brilliant, which gives the last touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual.

In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair waking up to new vitality and new strength—you will find a new sparkle and freshness revivifying the hair, and as the lost light and life, as well as the greyness, thinness, and hair which have been dulled down, will reawaken, and your hair will rapidly take on a new lease of life and beauty.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 14d., 2s. 3d. or 4s. 9d. per bottle. Solidified "Harlene" costs 2s. 2d., Brilliantine tints 1s. and 3s. 6d. per bottle, and "Green" Shampoo Powder 1s. 14d. per box of seven; single packets 2d. each. Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards, Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

HARLENE FREE GIFT FORM.

DETACH AND POST TO EDWARDS' HARLENE LTD, 20, 22, 24 & 26, LAMB'S CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-day Hair-growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing.

NOTE TO READER

Write your name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, and send it, and your 4d. directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Perf.")

Daily Mirror, 15/1/18

HE REMEMBERED KISS

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LORNA PETERSON, telling the story. Five years ago she recovered the memories of her first gentleman-housebreaker, who came to steal her aunt's diamonds. Later she has again met him on the high road, and again as a guest in her mother's house. He is

PATRICK LOUGHLAND, co-heir with Lorna to a vast fortune, conditional upon their marrying. Though she immediately recognises him, he does not know her. When he departs, however, she realises that though she has hotly declared she will never marry him, she loves him with all her soul.

A TENTATIVE STEP.

I WENT out alone next morning before mother was dressed, took a taxi to one of those little turnings off Avon-street, where everything is very quiet and very expensive, and told the man to stop at No. 180. It looked like a private house except for the fact that a tiny brass plate on the front door bore the name "Adeste." Long after the taxi had gone I stood on the step, staring at that name with frightened eyes. Should I go on or turn and walk away? I clasped tightly my hands under cover of my maid, trembling with nervousness. Then with a supreme effort I pushed open the door and walked in.

The hall was dimly lit and silent, but almost immediately a door on the left opened and a girl in a mauve silk dress came out and looked inquiringly at me.

I suppose I was not at all the type of visitor to whom she was used, for there was a faint expression of surprise in her eyes as she looked at me. I knew I was badly dressed, though I was wearing my best coat and the furs which aunt had given me, and I knew that I looked horribly nervous when I asked for Miss Adeste in a shy, uncertain voice.

"Have you an appointment?" she asked. I shook my head. "I want to make one," I said. "But—but it's very urgent. I wonder if I could see her now—I am Miss Peterson."

I saw that my name conveyed nothing to her, though father always said with great pride that "everyone in London knows Ralph Peterson."

If that was so, they certainly didn't know his daughter, and I had the feeling that I might just as well have given my name as Miss Jones or Miss Smith for all the impression it made.

However, she asked me to take a chair in the waiting-room, furnished in beautiful taste, then went away and left me.

I waited for what seemed to be hours, my courage oozing out of my finger-tips, leaving me limp and frightened. I was about to have come, I told myself. It was only because mother had mentioned what wonders Adeste worked for Alicia Stanley. I felt sure she would realise at the first glance how hopeless it would be for me to try and make a swan out of such an ugly duckling.

Of course, Patrick Loughland liked pretty women—what man did not?—and that one glimpse of myself in mother's sea-green frock had shown that perhaps there might be some slight hope for me. I wanted so badly to be pretty, not for my sake, but just for his. I felt as if I would have given ten, twenty years of my life for the power to make him look at me with interest instead of just polite indifference; for the power to make him want to be with me—not because I was co-heir with him of Aunt Anne's money, but because of my own self, that attracted him.

Yes, I was silly enough for that. Foolish enough not to care to what lengths I went for his sake.

He had been very wise, after all, when she said that surely it was up to me to see that that other girl should cease to matter.

I tried to comfort myself with such thoughts. I tried to remember all the books I had ever read wherein the plain heroine always manages to win the love of the hero on the last page; but it was cold comfort, and all the time I was conscious of my shabby and becoming clothes and my frightened face and my awkward movements.

I am sure by Mme. Adeste had kept me waiting a minute longer than she had had the right to expect, but just as the last ounce of my courage oozed out a door at the end of the room opened and she entered.

She was neither young nor beautiful, as I had expected, but impressive in her tallness, with a sweet, girlishly natural complexion, surmounted by pure white hair. Her wonderful figure was set off to perfection by her severely cut black velvet frock and her only ornaments were earrings of single diamonds.

I rose tongue-tied to my feet, but she put me at ease immediately.

THE BEAUTY POWDER.

"YOU are Miss Peterson," she observed, coolly. "How do you do? I have heard of you."

Something in her manner thawed the icy nervousness round my heart, and I drew a long breath of relief.

"You must be cold," she said, before I could speak. "Won't you come to my room? It is so much more cosy than this."

She led the way upstairs, and in another moment we were in the most charming little room I have ever seen. The air was of delicate musk and deep ivory predominance, and a fire burned on an open hearth, with two deep chairs drawn up on either side.

We drank coffee out of dainty little cups, and she then offered me a cigarette. But, of course, I had never smoked in my life, and should not have known how to light the thing, let alone smoke it.

But she lit one herself, after I had assured her I did not mind, and leaned back in her chair with a little sigh.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

I tried to find my voice. I tried to put into words the thing for which I had come, but she must have read my thoughts, for she said suddenly:—

"Don't try to tell me—I think I know all about it."

I looked at her, flushed and startled.

"You know?" I asked, amazed. "Why, whoever told you?"

She laughed and shook her head. "Nobody, but people only come here for one thing, as a rule."

She sat up with sudden energy. "Do you mind taking off your hat?" she asked.

I obeyed, too astonished to refuse, and for what seemed an eternity, she sat looking at me.

"You are twenty-one, are you not?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes," I said, adding, with a rush, "and I want—I mean, I wonder if you could—if you could make me beautiful!"

It was out, and I sat covered with confusion, waiting for her to snub me. But she only smiled, very kindly, and, as she answered:—

"I think I might be able to do more for you than I ever did for Alicia Stanley."

"More!" I said, with a gasp.

"Yes," she said, for a moment she seemed to forget me. Her eyes seemed to be taking in every detail of dress and appearance with shrewd intelligence. Every now and then she nodded, as if something pleased her. Suddenly she rose.

"And when can you begin?" she asked, briskly.

"Begin!" I stammered. "Why—is it—is it that late?"

"I think it is," she said. "I have had vague ideas that ugly ducklings were turned into swans by a stroke of a fairy-wand, as in the story books of my nursery days."

"Rome was not built in a day!" she said.

"But what you hurry?"

And then I blurted out the last thing I had ever intended to say: "He's coming to-morrow, and I wanted him to see that I could look nice."

I tried to take a chair in the waiting-room, furnished in beautiful taste, then went away and left me.

But Mme. Adeste only laughed very kindly. "Heaven!" she said, "there's nothing to be ashamed of, if you're not."

"I'd give anything to be as handsome as the rule, I assure you, my dear. Don't we all try and make ourselves look beautiful for some man or another?"

She went over to a desk and consulted a book. "This afternoon—at three?" she asked.

"Any time," I said. "I haven't anything to do all day."

Perhaps I sounded forlorn, for a little flash of sympathy came into her face.

She took my hand and held it for a moment. "I hope we're going to have a great success," she said kindly.

I looked up eagerly. "I'd give anything—anything—" I said, and then broke off, ashamed.

She pressed my hand, then released it.

"Very well, then, this afternoon at three," she said, and then in another moment was out in the street again, walking like one in a dream.

I went in to lunch feeling frightfully self-conscious. I wondered what mother would say if she should know what I had done; if she would laugh at me, or despise me. I was so excited I could hardly eat a thing; my cheeks were burning hot.

When I talked away all the time, apparently not noticing anything, and when the meal was ended she said:

"Will you come out with me this afternoon, Lorna? We have day engagements until six—we might do some shopping."

I blurted out that I was sorry, but—but I... She interrupted gently.

"You have already arranged something perhaps, where will it doesn't matter at all, my dear, you need not look so distressed."

She touched my face with her hand and went away; she had not once mentioned Mr. Loughland, and neither had I put on my hat; I was more nervous now of going to Madame Adeste than I had even been that morning. I wondered what on earth she meant to do with me.

My dear child! I had now that one had to undergo horrible tortures in order to be made beautiful.

As I was coming slowly downstairs I passed mother's room, and the door was open; she saw me too, and called out, "Going for a walk, Lorna?"

I said "Yes" very feebly, and stood hesitating for a moment, then went into the room.

"Where—where do you think I am going?" I asked in embarrassment.

She looked up, smiling and shaking her head. "My dear! How should I know? Tell me?"

"I'm afraid you won't like it," I said nervously. "I'm afraid you'll think it's—awful! You might even be angry—but—but—"

Tears of mortification started to my eyes. Mother looked faintly alarmed.

"No dear child! Whatever is it?"

"You put the idea into my head," I said, almost in tears. "You said how much she could do for anybody plain like me! It's—it's—"

"I'm going to Lady Adeste."

Then suddenly mother laughed, such an amused laugh it was that I raised my eyes in sudden dread lest she should be laughing at me.

"No dear child! I said, 'My dear child! There is nothing so very dreadful in that! Why, I have been to her myself for years!'"

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

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Daily Mirror

ON THE ALLOTMENTS.



The Mitcham Allotment Holders' Society have bought several hand-ploughs for use on their allotments. One of them is shown in our photograph.

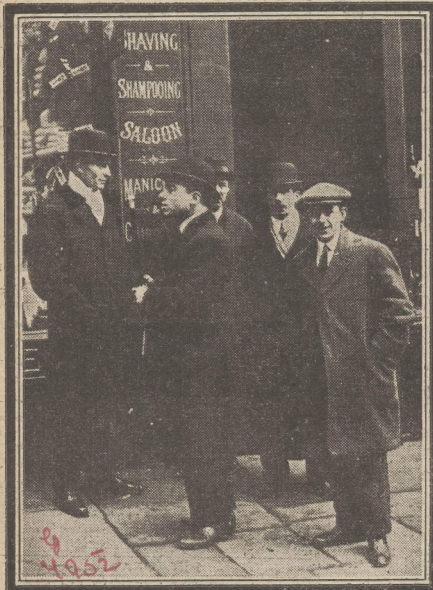


The Rev. Dr. H. Montagu Butler, master of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose death is announced. He was born in 1833.



Major George R. Pearkes, M.C., awarded the V.C. Though wounded in the left thigh, he continued leading his men with the utmost gallantry.

LONDON BARBERS ON STRIKE.



Hairdressers of several saloons in London have come out on strike. A group of strikers outside a saloon in Villiers-street, near Charing Cross.

APPALLING STAFFORDSHIRE COLLIERY DISASTER.



A weary toil. Boys anxiously await tidings of their missing fathers.



Mr. Thomas Brockley, who was in the mine at the time of the explosion. He succeeded in rescuing five men.



Ralph Pointer, a youth of sixteen, one of the victims of the explosion. He was killed, and buried in the debris.



Salvation Army lassies on a house-to-house visitation.



Red Cross workers offer refreshment to rescue party.

One hundred and fifty-four men, it is feared, are entombed in the Minnie Pit coal mine, Halmerend, Staffordshire, as the result of an explosion on Saturday. The difficulty of rescuing the men in the mine is said to be extreme. There have been heart-rending scenes at the pit-head.

WAR WORK.



Mrs. W. R. Tuck, wife of Major W. Reginald Tuck, son of Sir Adolph Tuck, has been doing war work for a long period.



Miss Hughes Martin, whose fiancé, Capt. T. V. T. T. Neville, 3rd Dragoon Guards, was killed at Ypres.

FOOD FOR THE FIGHTERS.



These girls at the Cattle Market, Deptford, are packing rations for the overseas troops. One of them is filling paper bags with sugar. Thousands of these rations are packed daily.

MISSING.



2nd Lieut. A. O. M. Gjema, missing. Information to Miss Merton, 5, Vanbrugh Park-road, West (Black-horn) S.E.



Hon. Lady Williamson, who is giving a dance today in aid of the Rushampton Club for Working Girls.